

Get In by TheOlderDixonBoy

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Summary:

You tried to call Jim for a ride home, but he wasn't able to answer. You start to walk down the road yourself to get home when a car pulls up behind you.

Get In

You hung the phone up with a sigh. You called everyone you could think of, twice, and there was no answer. You were stuck at your friends house on the outskirts of Hawkins. You had come over for dinner and a few drinks, but your friends took the drinking to the extreme and were currently too drunk, and too involved with one another to give you a ride home.

You were trying to rack your brain about who you could call and finally came to the conclusion that it was time to call the Chief. You and Jim had kind of been seeing one another for a while. It was hard to tell with Jim, he was so closed off. The two of you enjoyed spending time together, and you found the tall, scruffy, sarcastic man amazingly appealing. You had his number written down in the book you kept in your purse, and you knew you could call the station, but you felt guilty. He worked so hard and had been through so much, and he had begun spending more time alone lately, all of these things made you incredibly nervous as you called him. You didn't want to bother him.

You tried Jim's home number first. It rang until his answering machine picked up; a short, blunt message played telling you to leave a message, followed by a beep. You left an awkward message telling him you were sorry for calling and asking if he could come pick you up from your friends' house. You hung the phone up and sat on the couch for another hour.

You could hear the sounds of your friends in the other room and felt very aware of how much of a third wheel you were.

With a sigh you picked up the phone and dialed the Hawkins Police

station. Flo answered the phone with her usual “Hawkins Police Department how can I help you?”

“Is Jim in?” You asked. You were twirling the cord of the phone in your finger, shifting uncomfortably on your feet. Calling Flo brought attention to how much you enjoyed spending time with Jim. Not much got past the woman, but so far you and Jim had avoided being asked too many questions about your relationship.

“Chief is out on a call,” Flo said curtly. “I can take a message for him if you want.”

“Yeah, can you tell him Y/N called?” You said. You shifted again where you stood. Maybe she’d just think you had a police need.

“Yes I can. Should I tell him you called about anything in particular?” Flo asked. You could hear her writing a note down and possibly a note of interest in her voice. The gossip in Hawkins was few and far between and you were sure Flo would mention this call to someone.

“No. Just that I am at Sherry’s,” you said, voice quiet as if this would make the call less embarrassing.

“I’ll let Jim know, honey,” Flo said. “Anything else?”

“No, that’s it,” you answered.

“Alright. Have a good night,” Flo said.

You said your goodbyes and hung the phone up. You waited by it another thirty minutes and then decided that you’d just have to walk home. It was rapidly getting dark and you didn’t want to be stuck here by yourself all evening waiting for Jim.

You put on your shoes and set out down the road. It was chilly, the wind was picking up, and you could tell that when the sun went down the temperature would quickly drop.

You had been walking for about half an hour, your head down, feet quick, trying to make no eye contact with the cars passing you by. You thought about hitchhiking but has heard enough horror stories from both your friends and Jim. He had warned you to never go walking after dark by yourself and to never, under any circumstances, hitchhike. He told you to call him, and you had, but he hadn’t picked up. You were mad at him, and knew your anger was irrational, but you felt a little abandoned. Not just by your friends who were spending the evening together in one another’s company instead of making sure you were home safe, but by Jim who you had thought cared for you after the two of you had begun to spend more time together.

You were trying not to feel too sorry for yourself when you heard a car slow down behind you and could see the headlights illuminating the road in front of you. It came to a halt just behind you and you started to walk faster, never looking back behind you. The fear of who was behind you started consuming you.

“Hey!” You heard a familiar voice behind and you stopped.

You turned around and saw Jim standing next to his truck with his arms out, looking upset. You started to walk towards him, arms over your chest.

“What the hell are you doing?” He shouted.

“Walking home,” you said with a shrug.

“I told you to never do this!” Jim tore his jacket off and handed it to you as you approached him. You put it on and walked over to the passenger side of the truck. He opened the door for you and you hopped in, not sure what to say. “Hey, look at me.”

“What?” You said, snapping your head towards Jim.

“What the fuck, Y/N?” Jim growled. He was glaring at you, his brow furrowed. “Do you know why I told you not to walk home by yourself? Do you?”

“No, but I have a feeling you’re going to tell me,” you shot back. You tried to move out of the truck to get out, but Jim moved in front of you.

“Stay where you are,” Jim said firmly.

“Don’t fucking tell me what to do,” you said, pushing past him with your shoulder. Jim let you push past him, not trying to physically overpower you, even though he very easy could.

“Hey, where the hell are you going?” Jim yelled at you.

You had begun to walk down the road again, arms over your chest. About ten feet down the road you realized you were still wearing Jim’s jacket. You took it off and dropped it on the ground.

“Hey! Hey!” Jim screamed at you. He began stomping towards you, anger rising up inside of him. “Get the fuck back here!”

“Why?” You screamed at Jim. “Fuck off, Chief!”

Jim’s long strides made it easy for him to catch up with you. He stood directly in front of you and stopped you walked forward. You tried to walk around him, but he moved in time with you, stopping you.

“Get out of my way,” you said to Jim. You felt childish, arguing with a man like Jim in the middle of the street. You tried to shove his chest, but he grabbed your hands in his.

“No, you’re getting back in the truck,” Jim said. He started to walk back to the truck, your hand in his, and tugged you to follow him.

You resisted slightly, but when he stopped and tugged at your hand again, you started to walk back with him.

“Jim, Jim, stop,” you said half-heartedly. “Let me go.”

“I’m not letting you walk home by yourself,” Jim said not looking back at you.

“I’ll be fine, let me go,” you said. You stopped walking and planted your feet when Jim tugged at your arm.

Jim stopped walking and turned around to face you. He took a step towards you, his large form hovering over yours. You were half tempted to take a step back when he did this, but you stood your ground.

“I am trying to keep you safe,” Jim said through gritted teeth. “Get. In. The. Truck.”

“And if I don’t?” You snapped at Jim. You forced yourself to look directly in his eyes.

Jim sighed and shifted his weight. He ran one of his large hands over his face, looking up into the sky for a moment before sighing again and looking back down at you.

“Just get in the truck,” Jim said. He was trying to keep his cool,

trying to not just grab you and throw you in the front seat himself. "I'm taking you home."

"I don't need you," you said, but you were starting to shake again with the cold and were aware of just how dark the roads were around you.

"Do you know what happens to young women who walk home in the dark?" Jim said. He had placed his hands on his hips and was staring you down again. "Do you?"

"Yes," you snapped. You had heard the horror stories. Your mother had told you when you were younger to scare you into not going out by yourself. It had worked then, but its effect had worn off over the years.

"And do you want to end up another case file on my desk?" Jim took another step towards you and put his hands on your arms. "I am doing this to keep you safe."

You didn't know what to say. You were still angry at Jim for screaming at you and trying to lecture you, but you knew he was right. You looked down and saw Jim's jacket a few feet in front of you, lying on the cold ground and felt guilty. With a sigh, you walked over to his jacket and picked it up, put it back on, and then started back towards Jim's truck.

Jim walked back behind you and stood by you when you got into his truck again. You buckled your seat belt and turned your head to face Jim. He was looking at you with concern in his eyes

“I was worried about you. Flo said you called.” Jim said. He reached his hand out and took yours in his. “Glad I found you.”

You looked up at Jim and smiled at him. You squeezed his hand softly and sighed, not sure what to say. Jim leaned forward and kissed you on the cheek, his stubble tickling your skin, the scent of smoke and sweat and dirt filling your nose when he got closer.

“Thank you,” you whispered.

“Let’s just get you home,” Jim said, his thumb running along the top of your hand.

He stepped away from you and closed the door. He walked over to the drivers side and got in, putting his own seatbelt on and starting the truck. Pulling away he started to drive down the road towards your house slowly, more slowly than necessary.

You wrapped your arms around yourself, Jim’s jacket warming your cold body up. You held the fabric of the collar and moved it towards your nose so you could take in it’s scent. It smelled so much like Jim and you couldn’t help but smile. Jim saw this little moment and could help but grin to himself as well.

“What were you doing tonight, baby?” Jim whispered. He shook his head and sighed, trying to not let how worried he was for you make him angry again.

“I told you. Walking home,” you said. “No one was left to give me a ride.”

“I told you to call me,” Jim said. His voice was firm and gruff, but he wasn’t mad at you; he was worried about you.

“Called your house. And the station,” you shrugged. “You weren’t there.”

“I got a call saying you were looking for me, so I called you,” Jim groaned. “And then you didn’t answer.”

“I used Sherry’s house phone,” you said. You were looking at the floor of Jim’s truck, feeling guilty for making the man worry. After everything he’d been through he just wanted the people he cared about to be safe. “Then I got tired of waiting and left. I’m sorry.”

“Just,” Jim said and then sighed. “Just next time, wait a bit longer. I’ll come get you.”

“Just what my friends want,” you laughed. “The chief of police showing up at their door to pick me up.”

“Why? What are you guys doing over there you don’t want me to know about?” Jim asked with a sideways glance in your direction.

“Nothing,” you said, glaring at Jim. “We were just drinking and watching a movie.”

“Why’d they not drive you home?” He asked.

“They got too drunk and then they, yah know” you said with a shrug.

Jim ran one of his large hands over his face and shook his head. This was not the first time you had to call him for a ride because the people who were supposed to give you one had had too much to drink or were otherwise unavailable.

“At least they didn’t drive you home drunk,” Jim said, shaking his head again. “And I get to see you.”

“Yeah, and I get to see you,” you answered back.

He reached his hand over and squeezed your bare thigh in his hand.

“Your skin is so cold, baby,” Jim said.

He ran his hand up and down your leg, and you could feel your skin start to warm under his touch. You watched his hand move up higher with every stroke, pushing the fabric of your dress higher up your thigh. When he got to the top of your thigh you spread your legs open slightly letting his hand ride even higher. When his hand reached up high enough for his fingertips to brush against where

your thighs met, you sighed softly and unbuckled your seatbelt to move closer to Jim.

“What are you doing? Put your seatbelt back on,” Jim said immediately.

“You are such a cop sometimes,” you said with a laugh. You moved closer to Jim and ran your hand over his large thigh like he had done yours.

“I’m serious, put it back on or I’m pulling over,” he said firmly.

“Fine, then pull over,” you said. You moved closer still to Jim and let your lips graze over the side of his neck, your hand still rubbing against his leg.

“Don’t think I won’t,” Jim’s voice was rising but you could hear a hint of amusement in it. His hand wrapped around your shoulders and pulled you closer to him.

“That’d be awful,” you said rolling your eyes, your voice as sarcastic as you could make it. You kissed the underside of his jaw, his scruff tickling your lips slightly.

Jim pulled the truck over to the side of the road with a jerk of the wheel. He put the cruiser in park and then turned his body towards yours. Grabbing the back of your neck with his hand, he pulled you into him, pressing his lips to yours wordlessly.

His lips and teeth crashed into yours. He nipped at your lower lip and tugged at the sensitive skin. His stubble rubbed up against your face, the contrast to how soft his lips were making you moan into his mouth. Once the shock of the kiss wore off, you reached up and placed your hands on Jim's face, pulling him closer to your body. He reached down and undid his seatbelt with one of his hands, his other hand still gripping onto you. Once he was free, he turned his entire body sideways so he could push you down onto the seat of the cab. It was an awkward position, Jim's large body pressing into your body, your head and neck resting awkwardly against the back of the door.

"This what ya wanted?" Jim growled into your mouth, his teeth still nipping at your lips. His large hands ran up your sides to your chest to grip your breasts through your dress. You could feel him grinding himself against your leg, his hardening length pressing into your thigh. "Can't be patient at all, can you? Can't wait for me to come pick you up."

"Nope," you said with a grin, starting to unbutton Jim's shirt, running your hands against the thin fabric of his undershirt to feel against his chest. "No patience."

"I know. Couldn't even wait for me to get you home before I fucked you, huh?" Jim said as he sat up. He tore the straps of your dress down your shoulders and grinned when he saw your shocked face. "Take this off."

You tried to move your body from underneath Jim's so you could slip your dress off, but there was hardly any room for you to bend your legs, let alone move in a way to take your dress off. You accidentally kneed Jim in the stomach, and then when you turned your body, you

almost slipped off of the seat onto the floor. You were finally able to wiggle your way out of the dress, the entire act done so unsensually, the two of you couldn't help but giggle the entire time.

"There, it's off," you said panting, throwing the dress onto the floor.

Jim sat back down in the driver's seat and stripped off his undershirt, grinning at you the entire time. You sat up and started to unbutton his pants, trying to pull them down, but to no avail.

"I don't think there's enough room in here, big guy," you said, laughing at Jim's attempts to take his pants off in the confines of his truck.

Jim looked at you and sighed. He was quiet for few seconds before he opened the door of his truck and got out. He turned around and looked at you, wearing your bra, panties and shoes, and couldn't help but laugh at the situation.

"There's room in the back," Jim said. He nodded his head towards the direction of the covered bed of the truck. "Come on."

Jim started to walk towards the back of his truck, and you hopped out of his truck to follow him. It was freezing out, and you ran as fast as you could to the back. Jim opened the tailgate and the back window and helped you in. He got in himself, his long legs making it easy for him to crawl in, and shut the door and window behind him.

You wrapped your arms around yourself, the cold from the outside combined with the cold metal on the bed of the truck making you shiver. Jim crawled over to you, pulled you over to him and ran his hands up and down your body.

“You’re shaking,” Jim whispered. He pressed his body against yours and began to kiss your lips softly, slowly warming you up.

Once you had warmed up enough to stop shaking, you reached up and ran your hands across Jim’s chest, feeling how warm his skin was against your hands. You slid your hands down his upper body until you reached his belt buckle and began to undo it. Jim pressed you down so you laid on your back, the cold metal making your back arch up with the shock of the cold.

You kicked your shoes off into the corner of the bed of the truck and continued to unbuckle Jim’s pants. You ran your hands along the side of his belt until you felt his gun on his hip.

“Whoa!” Jim exclaimed when he felt you touch the gun on his belt clip. “Don’t grab at that.”

“You’re the one who left it on!” You shot back, laughing at Jim’s reaction. “Take it off.”

Jim took his gun off his belt, moving around you to the back window leading to the cab of the truck. He slid the window open and put his gun on the front seat of the truck. He grabbed his jacket from the seat as well and threw it on the bed of the truck. When he turned back around, Jim grabbed your hands and pulled you towards him, your

body sliding against the cold metal of the truck, making you gasp.

He picked you up and placed you on his jacket, giving you a barrier between you and the hard metal. Jim reached his hands behind your back and undid your bra quickly, throwing it into the cab of the truck. He ran his large hands against your breasts, his hands warm and large, his fingers calloused, rubbing against your sensitive nipples. You moaned into his touch, your hands reaching out to run down Jim's chest, pressing against his large frame. You looked into his face, smiling when you saw him looking at your breasts with a hungry look in his eyes.

"Come here," Jim practically growled when he snapped his eyes up and saw you watching his face.

He pressed you back down to lie down in the bed of the truck again. He ran his hands down your legs and pulled your panties down your legs as he did. You kicked them off the rest of the way and laughed when Jim grabbed them and threw them into the window separating the cab from the truck bed.

Jim knelt between your legs, spreading them farther apart so he could look at you, your naked body covered in a light layer of sweat from the heat formed between the two of you in the back of the truck despite the cold outside. He smirked to himself and then moved forward, reaching into the cab of the truck. He had to lean over you, his stomach centimeters from pushing into your face.

"What are you doing?" You laughed. You ran your hands over Jim's stomach, the hair on it a bit damp with sweat. Even with the soft layer covering the muscles on his stomach, Jim's body still felt firm under your touch.

He grunted and you heard the glove compartment open up and him rummage around for something. A few seconds later he pushed his body back into the bed of the truck and moved back down so he knelt between your legs. In his hand was a box of condoms he had picked up at the drugstore the day before. His little errand earned him a few glances from locals and a knowing eyebrow raise from the cashier, letting him know that people would surely be asking who the chief was seeing now, but it was worth it.

“Making sure we don’t get pregnant,” he said, a little smirk on his face.

“Ah, ‘we’,” you said with a roll of your eyes. You moved your hands down his stomach to grab at his pants and start to undo the button as he opened the box and took a condom out. “No ‘we’ in getting pregnant, Chief.”

Jim just shook his head and sighed, knowing not to argue semantics with you. You tugged down Jim’s khaki pants and began to palm his erection through his underwear, biting your lip and grinning when he let out a long groan. He moved your hand away and pulled his underwear down to his mid thighs, just enough to expose himself and still be able to move. He tossed his cock in his hand a few times, and you watched with wide eyes at it plumped up to full size, before he rolled the condom down his length and moved his body so he was lined up to enter you.

He kissed at your neck, sucking and licking between kisses, one of his hands holding his body up while the other guided himself into you. When he entered you, you leaned your head back and groaned, the bed of the truck still hard and uncomfortable, but Jim’s jacket

worked well enough as a cushion, and the way Jim made you feel was worth a sore back.

“Fucking perfect,” you heard Jim groan as he entered you.

He paused for a moment before he began to grind his hips into you, small, slow movements that made you groan softly before he speed his hips up. He began pumping into you in harder, deeper strokes, the truck moving in time with his movements. Anyone who happened to be passing by could get a pretty good idea of what was going on in Chief Hopper’s truck.

“Oh god, Jim,” you groaned. You arched your hips up into his, his hands gripping your ass and pulling you onto him more as he continued to pound into you. “Jim, harder.”

“Fuck, harder?” Jim huffed out. He shook his head and let out a big breath before he grinned down at you, one of his large hands reaching out to grab one of your breasts in his, squeezing it tightly, the other still moving with each of his thrusts, and the other one of his hands still gripping your hip hard enough to leave marks. “Come here.”

He removed his hand from your breast to grab your other hip. He pulled you towards him, the sudden movement making you gasp and wrap your legs around his thick waist. He leaned over you, pinning your body down under his and began to thrust into you as hard as he could, his ragged breath against your neck. You could hear him grunt and let out deep growling noises while he fucked you. You couldn’t stop the moans that escaped your lips with every thrust.

You felt a deep, warm pressure begin in the middle of your lower stomach and spread out to your core. You arched your hips up, or tried to, but Jim's body pinned them in place. He felt you pushing against him, and felt your pussy clench around his cock.

"You like that? Like it hard?" Jim growled into your head. His large hand reached up to tangle one of his hands in your hair. He squeezed it in his fist and turned your face towards his. "Tell me you like it."

"Oh god, Jim, I love it," you groaned out. Jim's dominate side never failed to turn you desperate.

"Yeah, yah do," Jim growled. He crashed his mouth over yours; his teeth nipped at your lower lip before he shoved his tongue in your mouth.

When he broke the kiss he pulled himself up so he could look down at you, your breasts moving up and down in time with his movements. He paused his thrusting so he could wrap his arms around your back and pull you up to a half sitting position, your legs still wrapped around his body. You couldn't do much more than let it happen, Jim's size overwhelming you. It wasn't often Jim was like this, but when he was in the mind to, he knew he was large enough to move you wherever and however he wanted. He continued to thrust up into you, the new position hitting you in a spot that made your limbs feel weak and your eyes roll in the back of your head. You wanted to stay in that suspended space forever, right on the edge of cumming, your body heating up and tingling. Your vision went blurry and everything went fuzzy for a moment before you snapped back to reality.

"Ohmygod, Jim, Jim, Jim," you couldn't stop moaning his name. It

came out of your mouth like a prayer.

Jim moved one of his arms that was around your back to tangle in your hair again, pulling your body towards his so he could press his lips to yours. He nipped at your jawline, your neck, sucking at your collar bones and moving back up to nibble at your earlobe. He groaned into your ear, his beard tickling you in a way that made every hair on your arms and neck stand up, your mouth still repeating his name with every breath.

“Yes, Jesus, so, fucking, hot, and, wet, and fuck, so, fucking, good,” Jim said, his words punctuated with every thrust into you. His breathing became more ragged as he approached his climax. “Wanna, feel, you, cum.”

You were close, so close. You gripped onto Jim harder, pushing yourself down to meet his thrusts, the tightness in your stomach finally snapping, making everything go still for a moment.

When your orgasm hit, you gripped onto Jim’s back as hard as you could, leaving deep red marks across his skin; it only made him groan louder. He held you close to his body, feeling your legs shake and your pussy clench around him as you came as he continued to pound into you. He stilled a few seconds later, grunting out your name and making noises between growls and moans as he came. Once he had finished, he pulled you away from his body to see your face, and Jim laughed at your slackjaw expression. He moved your hair out of your face with one of his hands and then kissed you firmly but simply while a few moans fell from both of your lips.

You rested your head on his forehead as the two of you caught your breath. Your body was cooling down, the sweat on your body being

chilled by the stuffy air in the truck. You took a deep breath and couldn't help but laugh, covering your mouth and nose with your hand.

"It smells like sex in here," you joked. You kissed Jim on the nose and grinned at him.

"That's because we just had sex in here," Jim said with a smirk. He pushed your body off of his gently, his softening length slipping out of you before he pulled the condom off and tied it off. He looked around for a place to put it, and then decided to open a window and throw it out.

"Fine for littering," you said. You wrapped your arms around yourself and sat on the bed of the cruiser, your back against the wall, shivering.

"I'll write myself a ticket later," Jim said. He grabbed his jacket from the floor and wrapped it around your shoulders and then buckled his pants back on. He sat in the bed of his truck next to you, and put his arms around you.

"How long until they need you at the station?" You asked. You rested your head against Jim's chest, the two of you sweaty messes. There was no way Jim would be able to go back to the station without raising suspicions.

"Who the hell knows," Jim mumbled. He reached into the breast pocket of the jacket you had on to grab himself a smoke. The two of you had crushed the package at some point that evening, but the

cigarettes still looked reasonable. He lit it and took a long drag, careful to blow the smoke away from your face, not that it helped in such an enclosed space even with a window open.

The two of you laid there in silence for a few minutes while Jim smoked his cigarette. You looked up at the man and ran your fingers through his hair, trying to smooth it over enough so that it wasn't too obvious what the two of you had just been doing, but it didn't help much. He laughed and ran his fingers over the red marks he had left on your neck and laughed.

"You're lucky it's cold," you said.

"Hmm?" He grunted.

"I'm going to have to wear turtlenecks for at least a week thanks to you," you said, running your fingers over the tender marks on your neck and chest Jim had left.

"You're very welcome," Jim said, smiling with his cigarette between his teeth. "Hawkins' Police Department does what it can."

"Hawkins' Police Department said it was taking me home," you quipped back.

"I am, I am," Jim said. He finished his cigarette and threw it out the window. "Get in the cab."

Jim moved to the end of the truck bed and opened the back. It was now pitch black and freezing outside. You ran as quick as you could, wearing nothing but Jim's jacket, your feet freezing the second they hit the pavement, into the cab of the truck. Once inside, you curled up on the seat, hugging the jacket to your body as close as you could. Jim got into his truck a few seconds after you, grinning.

"I'd pay to see that again," he said. "You, running around outside, wearing just my jacket, freezing your ass off."

"Just take me home, Chief," you said, trying to sound flippant but still smiling.

He did just that. He stopped in front of your small place and grabbed your dress and underwear out of the back of his truck. You slipped on just the dress and handed him back his jacket. Jim watched you change with a quiet interest, looking at you with a hint of a grin on his face. You moved towards him to kiss him goodnight and thank him for taking you home.

"Next time," Jim said, his hand on the back of your neck, and his eyes looking right into yours. "You wait for me, yeah?"

"If you answer the phone," you said, rolling your eyes.

"No, no matter what," Jim said. The look in his eyes made you take him seriously. He was genuinely concerned. "Next time, you wait for me. So I know you're safe."

You looked back into his eyes. They were blue, and deep, and calm. You realized for the first time Jim was really worried about you walking home by yourself tonight and felt thankful to have someone like him who did care.

“I’ll wait, I promise,” you said with a nod.

“Thank you,” Jim whispered before he kissed you one last time and removed his hand from neck. “Goodnight.”

“Night,” you answered back before you stepped out of Jim’s truck and started walking back into your place, shoes, bra, and underwear in your hands.

Jim shook his head and smiled at you as you walked. He waited until you had made it all the way inside, and gave him a thumbs up from the front window to let him know you had made it in and had locked the front door.

He never left until he was completely sure he had brought you home safe.